

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellen* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you,

I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

*Cre.* Then there's a merry Greeke indeed.

*Jan.* Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

*Pan.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound list as much as his brother *Heitor*.

*Cre.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lister?

*Pan.* But to proue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cre.* *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled,

I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

*Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

*Cre.* *Troilus* will stand to thee

Prooue, if youle proue it so.

*Pan.* *Troilus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

*Cre.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed there has a maruell's white hand I must needs confesse.

*Cre.* Without the racke.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

*Cre.* With Milstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pan.* And *Heitor* laught.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

*Cre.* And 't had bene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

*Pan.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

*Cre.* What was his answere?

*Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cre.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chafte, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

*Cre.* So let it now,

For is has bene a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, thinke on't.

*Cre.* So I doos.

*Pan.* He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'were a man borne in Aprill.

*Cre.* And Ile spring vp in his reares, an'were a nettle against May.

*Pan.* Hark they are coming from the field, that we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward *Ilium*, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* about the rest.

Enter *Aeneas*.

*Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troilus*, you shal see anon.

*Cre.* Who's that?

Enter *Antenor*.

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th' soundest iudgement in Troy whoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shal see him him nod at me.

*Cre.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shal see.

*Cre.* If he do, the rich shal haue, more.

Enter *Heitor*.

*Pan.* That's *Heitor*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Heitor*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Heitor*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; is't not a braue man?

*Cre.* O braue man!

*Pan.* Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

*Cre.* Be those with Swords?

Enter *Paris*.

*Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellen* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shal *Troilus* anon.

*Cre.* Whose that?

Enter *Hellenus*.

*Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

*Cre.* Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

*Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not heare the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

*Cre.* What incaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter *Troilus*.

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Daphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of Chiuallrie.

*Cre.* Peace, for shame peace.

*Pan.* Marke him, not him; O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hacks then *Heitor*'s, and how he

lookes,

Senet. Enter *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Phyffes*, *Diomedes*, *Aeneas*, with others.

*Agam.* Princes:

What greefe hath set the laundies on your cheekes? The ample proposition that hope makes In all designes, begun on earth below Fayles in the promitt largenesse: cheekes and disaisters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd. As knots by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound Pine, and diuerts his Graiue Tortiue and craht from his course of growth. Not Princes, is it matter new to vs, That we come short of our suppoze so satire, That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand, Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme: And that vn bodied figure of the thought That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes) Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes, And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else But the protractiue trials of great Loue, To finde perfitiue constancie in men? The finenesse of which Mettall is not found In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward, The Wife and Foole, the Artift and vn-read, The hard and soft, seeme all affind, and kin. But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne, Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan, Puffing at all, winnowes the light away: And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe, Lies rich in Vertue, and vamingled.

*Nestor.* With due Obeferuance of thy godly seat,

Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply,

Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true prooue of men: The Sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile

Vpon her patient brest, making their way

With those of Nobler bulke?

But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage

The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,

Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements

Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,

Whose weake vn timer'd sides but euen now

Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a Tostie for Neptune. Euen so,

Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide

In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled vnder shade, why then

The thing of Courage,

As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,

Retyres to chiding Fortune.

*Phy.* *Agamemnon*:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,

In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all

Should be shut vp: Heare what *Phyffes* speakes,

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

And